Jazz The Succubus in: Five Spanks at Freddy's 2: Electric Boogaloo
By Spidersans and Yu May

SMACK, SMACK, SMACK!

Jazz yelped in pain, and kicked her legs. Once again, Toy Chica had captured Jazz and put her over her lap for a spanking. It had been a long night for Jazz, her third night shift at Teddy's Pizzeria.

With every slap the yellow, animatronic bird delivered, the pneumatic system that powered her movements whirred and clanked heavily, and her hand fell just as heavily across Jazz's bouncy bubble butt. The metal spikes that represented Toy Chica's teeth glimmered, and her empty eyes flickered with delight. The robot was clearly having the time of her life.

As she watched her slaps create rippling waves across Jazz's behind, Toy Chica clucked with mirth. "Ooooh! This butt sure loves to jiggle!"

Jazz groaned, and forced herself to peep her eyes open just enough to get a glimpse of the clock on the wall. It was 5:55 a.m.

As she felt another slap, Jazz pursed her lips tight, and puffed her cheeks to contain a scream. *"Okay, Jazz, I know this hurts like hell, but it's just five more minutes! That's all!"* thought Jazz.

"Ow! Owie! Ooooh!" said Jazz.

As the clock turned to 6:00 a.m., there was a ringing of chimes. Toy Chica narrowed the metallic blades that represented her eyelids, and peered at the clock. "Aahh? Six a.m. already? And I was having so much fun. Oh well, there's always tonight. You can get off my lap, little Miss security guard!"

Jazz lay quivering across Toy Chica's lap, panting heavily. Her bare bottom was dripping with sweat, and her clothes were damp. "Please! …Please, just give me a moment to catch my breath?"

As Toy Chica's metallic jaws clamped down into her cutest, creepiest smile, the robotic bird saluted. "Aye aye, ma'am!"

A few moments passed, and the ticking of the clock seemed to fill the cramped storage room.

Finally, Toy Chica set Jazz on her feet, and patted her behind. "Well, that's ten seconds! I've got to get back to my stage! See you tonight for our next game!"

Jazz only grimaced, and nodded. As she reached the door, she finally remembered to pull her pants up over her swollen butt cheeks, and found her boss, Teddy the Shark, waiting for her at the entrance.

Teddy tipped his fedora, and took a big puff from his cigar. "Well well, it looks like you're still alive, kid. I'm quite surprised!"

Jazz squeezed her butt cheeks tight, feeling the angry string rise as she tried to rub it away. “Yeah, yeah. Hey, Teddy, I was wondering if I could just maybe and perhaps take a night off? I know it's only my third day here, but it's been a real pain in my ass, literally and physically. So if you would kindly consider giving me–"

Teddy pressed finger against Jazz’s lips. "I'm gonna stop you right there, sweetheart. You can't take a night off. Your work contract is for five full nights."

Jazz mumbled past Teddy’s finger. "W-what? You can't be serious, Teddy. You don't know what it's like! The pain, the humiliation. She likes…playing games with me. Hide and Spank—that's her favorite game—I hide and she seeks, and spanks the hell out of me. Maybe you can take my shift just this once? I don’t think I’m cut out for this line of work."

Teddy almost choked on his cigar. Then he scratched the back of his head, and flashed every one of his shark teeth in a nervous smile. “No, no! Don't be silly. You're great at this. You're the best security guards I’ve ever seen do this job!"

Jazz peered at Teddy. “But…you haven’t watched me do this job at all? You have no idea how bad I’m doing.”

Teddy’s eyes popped open. “Uh, no, I ain’t watching you. I just meant, you’ve made it this far. You must be doing something right…uh, right? You’ve definitely got what it takes!”

Jazz frowned, her mouth trembling. "But I don't think my heinie can last another night like this, not to mention my self-esteem—"

Teddy stuffed a sealed envelope in Jazz’s mouth, cutting her off. "Now see here, I don't wanna hear another word about taking a day off. You're obviously tired. Go home. Get some rest and come back tonight."

He hopped inside his black Cadillac Fleetwood Brougham, and lowered the window. “I’m rooting for you, kid!”

With a screech of his car wheels, Teddy sped off, leaving a trail of cigar smoke in his wake.

As she watched her boss clip the curb and disappear down the seedy streets of the Circle of Greed’s commercial district, Jazz took a deep breath and muttered. "I hate this job so much. But this is for Ruby’s sexy-time present. I have to do it. Though on the other hand…" Jazz squeezed her buttocks. "...Oooh, I'm gonna need an ice pack, and a few of Ruby's kisses to help my boo-boos feel better."

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Back at their shared apartment, Jazz lay over Ruby’s lap. After planting a slow, deliberate kiss across each of Jazz’s butt cheeks, Ruby started applying soothing lotion to them, kneading them like lumps of dough. “So…maybe you want to tell me what happened?"

Jazz moaned with relief, and grinned in a stupor. "Mmm, oh yesss! A little more to the left?"

Ruby’s mouth tightened into a slight scowl, that was still half a smile. Then she gave Jazz a little smack across her ass; not too hard, but just enough to sting.

Jazz stiffened, shielding her buttocks with her feet, then twisted to flash a venomous look over her shoulder. "Ow! Hey!"

Ruby put her hands on her hips. "Jazz, were you even listening to me?"

Realizing the precarious position she was in, Jazz quickly amended her tone. "Umm...a little?"

With a stern face, Ruby rested a hand against the small of Jazz’s back, and patted her behind warningly. "If you want any more kisses on your booty boo-boos to make it better, you have to tell me what happened."

Jazz grumbled. "Okay, okay, I’m sorry! It was just a long night with Chica…again."

Ruby nodded. "You mean that freaky-looking robot duck, from the commercials?"

Jazz nodded. "She's a chicken, actually, but yes. So, she started by announcing we were playing Hide and Spank, only she only counted to three before saying, ‘Ready or not, here I come!’ and I definitely wasn’t ready, and the second she caught me, she put me right over her knee and started wailing away at my butt—and that was just five minutes into my shift, so basically I got eight hours of spanking—and I

didn’t even get a smoking break, which is a bit hypocritical if you ask me, seeing how Teddy smokes like a chimney…"

Without pausing for breath, Jazz chattered about all the sordid details of her adventure with Chica. “...so then I asked Teddy if I can get just one night off, but he’s weirdly insistent about the whole five-nights-in-a-row thing, so basically I’m stuck with two more shifts this week.”

Ruby sighed. “That's horrible, Jazz. But why don't you just quit, if it's so bad over there?"

"I can't do that Ruby.”

"Why not, honey?”

“They require two week’s notice, or they garnish your paycheck."

“But why do you need this job so bad in the first place?”

Jazz bit her lip. If she told the truth, she’d ruin the surprise. There was no choice but to tell a harmless, little white lie. “Uh…tokens?”

Ruby raised an eyebrow. "Tokens?"

Jazz nodded so furiously, her jester-hat bells jingled. "Yeah, tokens! I get a lot of them for free if I keep working there. You know, so I can play games when I'm at work and maybe–um–win prizes? If I have a day off, I can take you there!"

Ruby leaned back in her seat, propping up Jazz’s bottom as if contemplating whether she wanted to kiss it or spank it. "Jazz, may I remind you that it’s a pizza place for children? Don’t you think parents might object to seeing two fully-grown, not-fully-dressed succubi playing arcade games next to their kids? They’ll think we’re weirdos.”

“But…we are weirdos.”

“I mean the dives-a-windowless-van-offering-free-candy kind of weirdos.”

Jazz rolled her tongue against the inside of her chek. "Wellllll…yeah, but I haven’t seen any actual kids there. And those arcade games, some of them were ones you used to like when we were in our teens. Wouldn’t it be fun to do a co-op beat ‘em up, for old time’s sake?"

Ruby glanced from Jazz’s face to Jazz’s ass. "Beat ‘em up, huh? I don't know, Jazz, looks like you’re busting your ass pretty hard for a few tokens. I just hate seeing you get hurt like this.”

Jazz stuck her nose in the air. "Come on, Ruby, it's me. You know I can take care of myself. My butt’s made of sterner stuff. So would you be so kind as to kiss my sexy ass?" Jazz flashed a wink at Ruby. “You know, if you wanna’!”

Ruby sniffed. She smelled bullshit, but after her discussion with Mrs. Lin, Ruby had resolved not to treat Jazz like a little kid any more. "Okay, sweetie. Mommy-kisses coming right up."

After a bit of kissing, the two succubi had to head to their day jobs, cage dancing at The House of Asmodeus. It didn’t help that a couple of patrons reached through the bars to playfully slap Jazz’s behind.

As he overheard the slap, Asmodeus slammed his fists against the table, his eyes blazing with lustful flames. “Hey! Do I need to throw that bum out?”

“It’s okay, Oz, I consent.”

Asmodeus settled back in his chair, and twirled his cigarette holder with a practiced flourish before lighting a smoke. “Oh, thank the fertility goddesses.”

The twerking routine was also rough to endure. Jazz could make her ass clap when she needed to, but clapping ass cheeks are the last thing you want to think about when you’re dreading working a night shift at a haunted children’s pizza joint, guarding an inappropriately voluptuous, spank-happy, robotic chicken.

As the crowd cheered and whistled, Ruby sidled up next to Jazz, and kissed her. "Mmm, are you sure you don't want to skip your second job? If all you want is a few extra bucks, I could put you to work.”

Ruby stuffed a dollar bill down Jazz’s top, and stroked her hips. “If you know what I mean."

As the stage lights made them the center of attention in the club, Jazz returned Ruby’s kiss, and whispered. “Tempting. But I’ve gotta finish this work week at least. I promise to call you if there’s an emergency, and text you when I’m on my way home.”

Going through the usual dance routine, Ruby dipped Jazz. “What do you mean ‘if there’s an emergency?’”

“Just, ya know, freak accidents of nature. I’m not worried about anything.”

With a final twirl, Ruby caught Jazz, and the music came to a close with an explosion of cheers and thrown dollar bills. “Just promise me you’ll be careful, Jazz.”

Jazz winked. “You got it!”

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Jazz arrived by cab for her fourth night. This time, she clocked a few minutes early, and went right to her station, determined not to fall for the same trick from Toy Chica a second time.

Sure enough, after a couple hours, Jazz saw the screens flicker, and Toy Chica disappeared from her place on stage, leaving behind a sign that read, “Let’s Get This Party Started!”

Quickly, Jazz activated the security system that reinforced her office door, then flicked the controls to monitor the other security cameras. "Okay, where are you, you stupid, sexy animatronic?"

Then, Jazz heard clucking laughter from the halls, and the sound of a metallic fist knocking slowly, steadily, right outside her office door. “Oh, Miss security guard! Where are you?"

Jazz spun wildly in her chair. “Crap! She’s here already? I gotta hide!”

Toy Chica slammed against the door with such force, the electronic latch jangled wildly, and a screw came loose. “You can’t hide from me in there!”

Jazz slammed her fist into her open palm. “That’s it! I can’t hide…but I can run!”

With a flick of her finger, Jazz deactivated the security system, powering down the battery that held the electronic lock closed. Toy Chica burst through the door, her empty eyes like two pin pricks of light floating in the darkness as she scanned the room.

Then, Jazz slid between Chica’s legs, and dashed down the hall, slapping her rump. “Nyah, nyah! Can’t catch me!”

As Toy Chica spun to follow her, she whipped her chicken wing to perform a knife hand strike, cutting a hole through the wall of the office. “Hey! No fair! You’re supposed to wait in one place til I catch you!”

Jazz rounded a corner, then poked her head out to stick out her tongue. “Too bad! We’re playing tag now! You’re it!”

Jazz’s eyes popped open, and she ducked back out of sight, moments before Toy Chica threw the office desk like a missile, with enough force to knock an office-desk-shaped hole through the opposite wall.

Sprinting, Jazz slid and dove into the main stage room. *“Crap! She’s right behind me! Gotta hide fast!”* thought Jazz. Spotting a stack of moldy cardboard boxes between the arcade machines, Jazz dove into them like Scrooge McDuck taking a dive into his money bin, and lay still. Unfortunately, her posterior was noticeably poking up in the air behind her, above the pile of boxes. *“Perfect!”* thought Jazz.

Toy Chica appeared at the door frame, crushing it between her metallic, feathered fingers. "Ooooh, Hide-and-spank? My favorite game! Oh, Miss security guard, where are you, young lady? Mama Chica is very disappointed in you. Come on out, and take your spanking like a good girl."

Toy Chica began to search the room systematically, peering under cardboard boxes and between arcade machines. Jazz lay perfectly still, holding her breath.

Toy Chica raised her hand high, and brought it down on a pile of cardboard boxes, crushing them. “Naughty, naughty! Mama spank!”

As Jazz peered from behind a box, she saw the shadowy form of Chica approaching her, swaying gently with every mechanical step. But just as Toy Chica approached the final pile of boxes, there was a loud clanging sound, coming from the kitchen.

Toy Chica’s head spun on a swivel. “Oh-ho-ho! Sneaking into the kitchen after midnight? That's going to be an extra spanking for you, missy!”

As Toy Chica left, Jazz took a deep breath. “Phew! That was a close one, but damn, that chicken’s got one hell of a double serving of breasts and thighs…But enough of that! I gotta focus! Need to find a new hiding spot."

Slowly, Jazz extricated herself from the cardboard boxes. From the clanging noises coming from the kitchen, she was confident Toy Chica was distracted. But as Jazz backed up, her butt bumped against the on-off switch of one of the arcade machines. An electronic voice howled, “Mortal Kombat!” and a kick-ass theme song started blaring from the machine.

Jazz jumped. "Oh, fuck!"

Toy Chica seemed to materialize at the entrance to the kitchen, her eyes pointing at Jazz like two searchlights. "Found you!"

Jazz tried to make a break for the stage, but Toy Chica caught her by the arm, and waved a finger in her face. "Ah, ah, aah! None of that. A young lady running away from her mommy is a big no-no. And you know what mommy's gonna give to naughty girls like you!"

Jazz dragged her feet, straining to break free from Toy Chica's grasp. "No, no, please! Please, Miss Chica! No more spanking, please?"

But Jazz's pleading was futile. Toy Chica seated herself on one of the pizza tables, dropped Jazz over her lap, and tugged down Jazz's pants and underwear. Jazz squirmed, straining to get a foot hold. "Nooooo! How could this possibly get any more humiliating?"

But as Jazz gasped, one of the buttons on her security officer's shirt popped loose, and Jazz's magnificent breasts popped into the open. Jazz glanced down at her bosom. "Well, at least I remembered to wear my bra."

Toy Chica rubbed her hand across Jazz's buttocks. "Now, now, better behave, or else I will spank you buck naked!"

Jazz blushed. "Okay, okay, I'll behave! just please go a little slower with–"

SMACK! THWAP! WHACK!

Toy Chica began to spank Jazz's bottom. Even while using only 30% of her inhuman strength, the blows were enough to produce reverberating thunderclaps that echoed through the empty room. "I'm going to spank you as hard as I want!"

As Jazz's eyes popped open, she already felt tears flooding her vision. "Ow! Owie! Please, stop? Aaahhgh!"

"Why? Why must I be spanked all the time? Why me, of all demons?" thought Jazz.

Strange silhouettes seemed to materialize before Jazz, and she recognized the mocking faces of the many, many people who had spanked her over the years.

Princess Stella seemed to hold up a dainty hand to hide her laughter. "Yes! Spank that cheeky peasant!"

Martha snapped a teacher's pointing rod against the palm of her hand. "Oh yes, make her cry! Bwa ha har!"

The bratty twins, Dip and Drop, pointed and laughed at Jazz, before collapsing into tits of giggles.

Behind them, their mother, Mrs. Fish-Karen put a hand on her hip, and sniffed. "Personally, I would have used the hairbrush!"

Carmilla Carmina crossed her arms, drumming the fingers of her huge hands. “I prefer the belt, though my hands are usually more than enough to break a bratty succubus’ will.”

Old Mrs. Susan folded her own belt, and cracked it. “Couldn’t agree more! You young people, these days. You all need a good spanking!"

Mrs. Lin Knowlastname held up her hands, as if in prayer. “Remember Jazz, all healthy relationships are rooted in trust, respect, and selflessness. And also…spank her, Chica! Spank that city girl’s ass til it shines like the full moon! Yee haw!”

As Jazz heard the roars of laughter from the ghosts, she hung her head in shame. She was tired of this job. She was tired of her stupid boss, Teddy. She was tired of randomly being spanked by total strangers.

Dimly, Jazz willed herself to open her eyes, and as if in a dream, she realized she was still being spanked by Chica. *“No,”* thought Jazz. She would not quit. And starting tomorrow… *“I’ll have revenge on this spring chicken! No matter what!”*

The spanking dragged on and on, until the clock finally hit six o’clock in the morning, and rang the chimes. Toy Chica’s hand froze in the air. "Wow that's was certainly a good spanking! Not as long as yesterday, but I think I more than made up for it with my delivery. Wouldn’t you agree, Miss security guard?”

Jazz lay slumped across Toy Chica’s lap.

Toy Chica patted Jazz’s behind. "Oh, I get it. You’re a little butt-hurt from your spanking. Wel,l don't worry, it'll all be over…after tonight, at least! He he!"

Slowly, Jazz stood up and slid her underwear and pants back up, without looking at Toy Chica.

Toy Chica clapped her hands together. “Well, Miss Security–”

“It’s Jazz. My name is Jazz.”

Jazz glared at Toy Chica.

The robotic bird shrugged. "Oh yes, silly me. Hee, hee, hee! Well, Miss Jazz, tomorrow is your last day. Aren’t you excited?”

Jazz nodded. “Yup! In fact, I got a special surprise planned, just for you!"

Toy Chica clapped her hands together. "Oh really? For me!? Oooh, tell me, tell me!"

Jazz held up a finger, and smiled. “Nuh, ah ah! wait for tonight"

Toy Chica rested her hands on her wide hips, which would have been child-bearing hips if not for the fact she was a robot. "Poo-pooh! Fine, have it your way! I can't wait, but at least I won’t have to wait very long. See you tonight!"

Jazz smirked. "Yes, likewise!”

As Toy Chica stumbled back toward her place on stage, Jazz glanced down at her shirt, and noticed that the missing button had left her shirt with a permanent boob window. Jazz rolled her yes. “Well, fuck. I'll just fix it when I get home."

Jazz stepped outside the pizzeria, and found Teddy pacing nervously at the entrance. He did a double take, and held up his hands. "Heeeeyyy, kiddo! Good to still see you still alive and–"

Teddy paused as he noticed her exposed cleavage. “Yeesh! What happened? You and Chica finally starting to get friendly?”

Looking Teddy right in the eye, Jazz pulled her paycheck out of his coat pocket, and marched away, swaying her hips like a model walking down the runway. Teddy watched her go, enjoying the view, before he shook his head, and scratched his scalp. “Huh. What's her deal?"

Back at home, Jazz undressed and tried to take a bath, though she could only stand lukewarm water, thanks to her bruised buttocks. Jazz found Ruby already asleep, and settled down gently in bed. “Okay, Jazz you need to spank that sexy animatronic, one way or another…but how, though?"

Jazz yawned "Maybe I should sleep on it? …yeah, good idea, Jazz…why, thank you, Jazz…zzz…"

Jazz awoke to the sound and smell of sizzling bacon and eggs. As if sleep-walking, Jazz stumbled into the kitchen. “Breakfast?”

Ruby served Jazz a plate. “More like a late brunch.”

Jazz poured herself a cup of black coffee, took a sip, and started wolfing down her brunch.

Ruby rested her chin on her folded hands. "You seem focused on something, Jazz. Penny for your thoughts?”

Jazz swallowed a mouthful of bacon and eggs. "Oh, it’s nothing bad, Rubes. Just happy today is my last day at work. I’m going to quit after tonight."

Ruby nodded. “That’s wonderful news. And when you get home, I have something special for you. Just a little present to congratulate you for surviving the week."

Jazz took another swig of coffee. "Really? Same! Mine’s sort of a present to thank you, for helping me survive the week."

Ruby patted the back of Jazz’s hand. "Then I guess we’re both in for a pleasant surprise tonight.”

Jazz pinched Ruby’s hand between her thumb and finger. Just one more pay check, and she’d have enough to afford the new lingerie for Ruby. Just the one set. No matter how much Jazz wanted that sexy underwear for herself, she knew Ruby deserved it more.

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Dressed in her sharpest pizzeria security guard regalia, Jazz concentrated on the security monitors in her office. Exactly two minutes after Jazz had clocked in, the television flickered and died, leaving behind a phantom image of Toy Chica’s face on the screen, her metallic jaws gaping wide.

Outside, there was a dense, echoing clang, as Toy Chica’s metallic footsteps drew closer. “Oooooh, Jazzzzz! Where are yooooou?"

Jazz picked up the dial up phone by her desk, and her own voice booming over the staticy intercom. “I am in the office. Duh. Door’s open for you.”

“Really? Well you better start hiding then! I’m going to count to twenty…one… two…”

Jazz snatched up the phone receiver. “Twenty! Ready or not, here you come!”

There was a pause, then Toy Chica seemed to materialize from the shadows outside the office. The robot seemed to hover over Jazz like a demonic eagle, before it put a

hand on its hip, and affected a bratty, teenage voice. "Heeeyy! You're supposed to hide!"

Jazz kicked up her fet on the desk. "I don’t feel like playing hide-and-spank today."

Toy Chica rolled the lights in her creepy, empty eye sockets: “That's no fan at all! Oh well, I guess I’ll just start spanking you early then!"

Jazz held out her wrists, as if preparing to be handcuffed. "Oh yes! Please take me to the parts and service room! That way, you have the metal ruler handy."

Toy Chica blinked, but took Jazz by the wrists and led her to the cramped storage space. Chica dangled Jazz in the air by her wrists, looking gleeful. “Okay, Jazz, you know what time it is…”

“10:15 p.m.?”

“No! It’s spanking time!"

Jazz giggled. "Oh, I knew that. But before you spank me, don’t you remember? I have a surprise for you!"

Toy Chica’s eyes widened. Then she dropped Jazz, and jumped for joy, her breasts and booty bouncing and jiggling with each hop. "Oh, yes yes! I remember now! What is it?"

“It’s a brand new game! But first, you have to promise to play by the rules.”

“A new game? Yes, yes, yes! I’ll follow the rules! What is it!”

“It’s called ‘Reverse House.’ The rules are simple: you have to pretend to be me, and I have to pretend to be you. Here, put on my security guard uniform.”

Toy Chica clapped, and handed Jazz her colorful rubber bib, before donning the uniform. “Squeee! This is so exciting! Now I’m little Miss Security Guard, and you’re the Mama!”

Jazz nodded as she pulled the rubber bib over her head. “That’s right. And now that I’ve caught you, Little Miss Security Guard, I’m going to give you something else!”

“A cupcake?”

Jazz grabbed Toy Chica by the elbow. “Nope. A spanking!”

Toy Chica froze. “Wh-what?”

Jazz hopped up onto the work bench, and pulled Chica down over her lap. Despite the animatronic’s size, she wasn’t particularly heavy, thanks to her inner mechanics being powered by compressed air.

Toy Chica twisted in place, her pink, panty-clad robo-butt rocking back and forth. "H-hey! What gives?"

Jazz smiled broadly as she tugged down Toy Chica’s underwear down, revealing the most perfect animatronic booty that science and engineering could provide.

Somehow, Toy Chica actually blushed, and tried to shield her backside. "Hey, stop that right now!"

But Jazz brushed the chicken’s hand away, grabbed a tight hold of the robot’s soft, rubbery buttock. "Don't you dare move your hands, Little Miss Security Guard. You agreed to play this game by the rules. Now it's my turn to be the Mama, and I'm gonna enjoy every last second of it!"

Jazz stretched Toy Chica’s rubber buttock, and watched it snap back into place. Then Jazz gently patted Chica’s behind, watching both cheeks as they bounced and jiggled. “Dang! This robo-booty feels great! You’re got a real nice can on ya, little Miss Security Guard!”

Toy Chica bit her bottom lip. "Oh, noooo! P-please, don't spank me! I'm sorry, Jazz, really sorry!"

Jazz cooed. "Aaww, don't worry, Chica. I will forgive you…"

Toy Chica twisted to glance at Jazz. "R-really."

Jazz clapped Chica’s backside once, with less playfulness and more force. "Yup… right after your spanking."

Toy Chica’s eyes widened. "Wait, wait! You can’t!”

Jazz raised her hand high. “Actually, I think I can!”

“But I’m stronger than–"

SMACK, SMACK, SMACK!

As Jazz began to spank, she felt Toy Chica writhing in place along her lap. It was true, Toy Chica was stronger than Jazz, but she was also bottom heavy. And now that Jazz had a good hold on the robot, she realized that she most certainly *could* spank her.

Jazz put more force into her spanks, and discovered a good rhythm for the slaps. Toy Chica kicked her talons and flailed her wings, but she only managed to twist her ass back and forth as the slaps fell hard and fast.

Jazz whistled. "Wow! Keep that up! I just love seeing a bouncing booty. It jiggles just like jello!"

Toy Chica bucked her hips, and buck-buck-bucked like a chicken. "Buckaw! Ow, ouch, owww! Owie-owie, owie! My booty! My poor, poor booty! PLEASE, STOP!”

Jazz shook her head, and carried on spanking. "Not a chance, Little Miss Security Guard. This ass belongs to me!"

Toy Chica began to cry, her eyes dripping with tears of black oil. "Aah! It hurts. It hurts! Stop, stop! You’re *hurting* meeeeee!"

Jazz concentrated on her follow through, sinking her palm deep into the rubbery yellow mounds that represented Chica’s butt. With every slap, Jazz left behind a deep impression in the shape of her hand print. "Oh, yeah? Well, this is how I feel when you spank me. And no matter how must I plead and beg, you just keep going!"

Toy Chica’s robotic voice cracked. "Ahoooow! Oooowiiieee! I'm sorry! I'm sorry for spanking you, I'm sorry! Please, forgive me! I'll be a good animatronic robot chicken girl! Yeeeeow! Owch! Oucheee! Buh-buckaaaaaaaw!"

Jazz hummed, and paused the spanking to listen to Chica’s rooster-like cry. Finally, Jazz landed a final, reverberating slap. "There, all done."

Jazz lifted Toy Chica up from her lap, and let her cry on her shoulder. Toy Chica’s voice rasped, as she gobbled for air between sobs. “I'm–I’m sorry!"

Jazz patted the back of Toy Chica’s head, before hugging her close, and reaching around to rub the animatronics bare, rubber rear end. "There, there. I know it hurts, sweetie. And I know you’re sorry. It's all over."

Jazz kissed Toy Chica on the cheek. “Now you know what it feels like to be a security guard.”

Toy Chica pulled away from the hug, and blinked. “Oh…that game wasn’t much fun at all.”

“Nope. Now, how about we call it even, and no more spanking tonight?”

“Okay…but what are we going to do for the rest of the night?”

Suddenly, Jazz noticed that she had both of Chica’s buttocks clamped tight in her hands. “Um…”

Then, Toy Chica kissed Jazz on the cheek. “You know, I was built in 1987. That means I’m well over 18-years-old.”

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After a few rounds of passionate love-making, Jazz and Toy Chica lay on the floor of the parts and service room. As she felt the animatronic chicken nuzzling her cheek against her bare breast, Jazz puffed at a cigarette. “Wow. Can’t say I’ve ever had sex with an animatronic chicken before."

Toy Chica nodded. “Same. I’ve never had sex with a succubus before…Oh, cluck! I forgot! You said you have a girlfriend. Won’t she be mad?”

Jazz shook her head. “Oh, no. We’re succubi. It’s our job to have sex with anything that moves. You see, lust is for everyone, but romantic affection is something that can only be shared with your true love.”

Toy Chica clicked her metallic teeth. “Huh. I guess Asmodeus knew what he was doing when he created you. That was amazing.”

Jazz took a draft of her cigarette. "Yeah, I wish Ruby was here. She loves a good three-way."

They both heard the muffled sounds of the clock ringing 6 a.m. behind the door. Toy Chica sighed. "Oh, it looks like your last night is over."

Jazz sat up and pulled on her shirt. "Yeah, I suppose it is. Let's get dressed."

After they both got dressed, Chica followed Jazz to the main performance room, and paused as she saw her place on the stage. Toy Chica pressed her fingers together. "Well, I guess this is goodbye?”

Jazz yawned. "Well, I wouldn't say that. I kind of like the retro arcade vibe of this place…I’ll come visit you some time.”

Toy Chica clutched Jazz’s hand in her feathered claws. "R-really? After everything I did to you?"

Jazz beamed, and pinched Chica’s cheek. "Yes, of course. You know, you're pretty cute, when you want to be!"

Toy Chica blushed, and hugged Jazz. "I'm sorry for spanking you, Miss Jazz."

Jazz returned the hug. "I forgive you, and I’m sorry for spanking you as well."

Both girls enjoyed the tender embrace, until they heard a car pulling up outside the front door.

Jazz glimpsed over her shoulder. “Oh, that must be my boss."

Toy Chica stiffened, then turned toward the stage. "Oh, snap! I have to be ready to perform on stage before the kids get here. I have to go."

Jazz slapped Toy Chica’s ass as she left. "Well, go on sexy. Break a leg, chicken!"

Toy Chica hopped up onto stage, grabbing her bottom, then grabbed her microphone. The robot rounded on Jazz, pointing as if to yell a smart-aleck retort back at her. But at that moment, Toy Chica froze.

Jazz cocked her head as she examined the animatronic, then noticed something else. A shiny new security camera, attached to the wall. “Hang on…that camera wasn’t there last night. It’s aimed right at…Chica’s ass?”

The door burst open, and Teddy strode in, followed by two tough looking loan sharks, which he’d hired on loan from the fish mafia. “All right, boys, set the crates down over there. We may have the whole gang of animatronics back together, but we still gotta’ a lotta’ work to do for today’s grand opening.”

The two hired hands pulled the lids off their crates, revealing the head and body of a plastic, cartoon bear suit.

Holding up his fingers to form a frame Teddy examined Toy Chica on the stage. “That’s right! Chica, Bonnie, Foxy, and Freddy! I’ve got the complete set now!”

Teddy spotted Jazz, and waved his cigar. "Heeyy, just the succubi I wanted to see! You did great, kid!"

Jazz crossed her arms. “Yeah, and just how long have you been spying on me with those hidden security cameras?”

Teddy dropped his cigar. “Huh? I already showed you the security cameras. You used them to monitor Toy Chica, of course!”

Jazz pointed at the plastic camera above the stage. “Not that one. It’s at the wrong angle. And it’s brand new! Which means *you* have hidden cameras that aren’t registered in the security office. Care to explain that? You’ve been watching me get my nightly spankings, haven’t you?”

As beads of sweat dribbled down his forehead, Teddy twiddled his thumbs. “Eh! I gotta’ right to keep an eye on my merchandise, don’t I?”

Jazz produced a contract from her bra, and pointed at Teddy, Phoenix-Wright style. “Objection! According to law, all cameras have to be placed in locations where there is no reasonable expectation of privacy…like, for example, the Parts and Service Room?”

Teddy pointed back. “Overruled! The Parts and Service Room functions as storage for valuable equipment. Therefore, it’s perfectly reasonable for it to contain a hidden camera for security purposes.”

Jazz whipped out a blueprint, “Double objection! According to these blue prints for the upcoming remodel of Teddy’s Pizzeria, the Parts and Service Room is clearly identified as a designated changing room for stage performers. Therefore, one has a reasonable expectation of privacy in such a space! Now, confess, and maybe I’ll go easy on you!”

Teddy bent over to pick up his cigar, struggling to reach past his fat belly. “All right, all right! So maybe I enjoy watching a hapless security guard get spanked from time to time. Is that so wrong…”

Then, Teddy’s back cracked, and he flopped forward to land on his face. Slowly, he lifted his face, and started blubbering and bawling. “Aaaaw! Okay! I admit it! I’m one of those immoral, disgusting, degenerate spanking fetishists! I orchestrated this whole operation for my perverse amusement! My mama would be ashamed of me! Please, Miss, I’ll do anything, just don’t go to the cops! I’m just trying to run a small, locally-owned business here! Have mercy on a poor, perverted shark!”

Slowly, the two loan sharks pulled out bags of popcorn, and started munching as they watched the proceedings.

Jazz tapped her foot, humming. "Hmmm. Okay, but only on three conditions.”

Teddy nodded, as he stumbled up onto his knees. "Yes, yes, anything!"

Jazz held up a finger as she listed each of her demands. "First, you're gonna give me my last paycheck, as promised. Second, you're going to remove any cameras that don't conform to regulations. And third…"

Jazz smiled impishly. "…you're going to hand over all the tapes you've recorded since I got here! I want to…inspect them, personally."

Teddy scrambled toward the security office. After a few moments, he emerged carrying a stack of VHS tapes, ancient devices used by wizards in the 1980s to record movies for viewing at home. "Here take them—and here's your check—now please leave!"

Jazz smiled, then playfully slapped her boss across his ass. "You got it! See you around, Teddy bear!"

As soon as Jazz left, Teddy took a shaky breath. "Oh, thank Satan, I thought she'd never leave. This cannot get any worse."

Then, a cold, metallic hand slapped down on his shoulder. Teddy turned, saw Toy Chica standing right behind him, and did a double take, then a triple take. "Boys! Help me! She's on the loose!"

But Teddy only saw two bags of spilled popcorn, lying where his boys had been standing a moment before.

Toy Chica's voice crackled as she twisted her head. "Freddy? Is that you? Come on, big boy, we've got a fun show to put on. Let's get you into your costume."

As he felt himself being lifted into the air by the collar of his shirt, Teddy gulped. "C-costume? What costume?"

Toy Chica flashed her sharp teeth in a sweet smile. "Why, the bear suit, of course. Once you're dressed, Freddy, I think you'll look like a real *killer*…hee hee!"

…

Jazz and Ruby were lying together on their couch, cuddling naked under a fuzzy blanket.

Ruby sighed. "Aah, nothing like lounging around the house naked at the end of a long work week, watching scary movies with my girlfriend. It just doesn't get better than this."

As Ruby laid her head back against Jazz’s soft breasts, Jazz ruffled Ruby’s white hair. “Mmm, you can say that again!”

Jazz and Ruby looked into each other’s eyes, both sat up and spoke at once. “Ruby, I have something to tell you!”

“Jazz, I have something to tell you!”

Jazz snickered. “You go first, Ruby.”

Ruby snorted. “No, no, you go first, hon.”

Jazz whipped away the blanket, then produced a wrapped box from behind the couch. "Okay, I will. I’ve been saving up money to buy you new lingerie for Sinsmas. See, that’s why I took that job as a nightguard, getting spanked by a sexy animatronic chicken every night, but don’t worry, I got her back. I'm sorry I kept it a secret for so long. I just wanted to surprise you. The original plan was to buy a matching set of lingerie for both of us, but…I got outbid on the second set. But I managed to get this one for you."

Ruby stared at the box. "Wait, what lingerie?"

Bouncing on her seat, Jazz ripped open the box, revealing the glittering, gleaming unmentionables. "Ta da! The Verosika Sinsmas theme!"

Ruby held up the undergarments to examine them. "Oh my, these are gorgeous! But…Jazz did you forget? We already got two sets of these."

Still holding her hands high in celebration, Jazz opened her eyes. "What?"

Ruby stood and strode to the closet, and held up two identical boxes. "Asmodeus sent over a complimentary set to all his night-club workers. You know, for advertising? I was going to pull them out after my shift got out, to give you a little show, but you had to leave for your night-job so early, I missed you.”

Jazz stared at the boxes. “Wait…”

Jazz waited for nine seconds, before she had a moment of dawning comprehension. “I COULD HAVE JUST WAITED THIS WHOLE TIME?"

Ruby stifled a laugh, and set down the boxes in front of the couch. “Well…yeah. I suppose you could have. Ha ha!”

Jazz threw the pair of lingerie into the air. “But what am I going to do with this stupid, expensive underwear?”

Ruby watched the underwear drift lazily to the floor like a parachute, and scooped it up. “Why don’t we try to scalp it online? Maybe we can make a little profit…or at least get your money back. Then we could put that toward a Sinsmas trip, for just the two of us.”

Jazz looked at Ruby, then kissed her on the lips. “How did I end up with the best succubus in hell for my girlfriend?"

Ruby smiled. "I could say the same."

Then, Ruby noticed the pile of VHS tapes. "What are those?"

Jazz snatched one up, pulled off its retro, 80s-style cover, and popped it into their trusty, dusty VHS player. “Oh, just thirty-plus hours of home movie footage of me getting spanked by Chica. You want to watch one with me?"

Ruby grabbed the blanket and shuffled closer to Jazz. “Hmm, so instead of watching scary movies, I get to lounge around the house naked, watching naughty movies with my girlfriend…with my girlfriend in them? That sounds even more fun!”

As the two succubi nuzzled close together, the movie started to play.

The End